

IS BEYOND COMPARE

Wichita's Magnificent Flower Parade a Triumph.

FIFTY THOUSAND SEE IT

Greatest Day the Peerless Princess Ever Saw.

The judges on the flower parade, Mrs. H. C. Nicholson, of Perry, Oklahoma, Mrs. J. H. Haughey of Wellington, Mrs. J. H. Butts of Augusta, Kansas, have made the following statement and decisions:

The undersigned ladies selected to award the prizes on the flower parade, have made the following awards on one horse vehicles:

First prize, No. 23—Phaeton, decorated shaded pink by Miss Houck and Miss Cogdell.

Second prize, No. 4—Stanhope, decorated blue and white, by Miss Allen and Miss Pratt.

Third prize, No. 36—Pony cart, decorated blue and white, by Miss Vail and Miss Fullington.

On two-horse vehicles:

First prize, No. 22—Trap, decorated blue and white by the Ladies of the Wichita Hospital.

Second prize, No. 35—Decorated red chrysanthemum, by Mrs. Hagney and Mrs. Cogdell.

Third prize, No. 40—Decorated yellow and black, by Mrs. Campbell and others.

On vehicles with more than four occupants:

First prize—The Tally-Ho Coach, Miss Reed and others.

Second prize—The colonial coach; Mrs. South and others.

Third prize—The Lewis Academy float, by the students.

On horseback riders:

First prize, No. 24—Decorated with daisies.

Second prize, No. 72.

Third prize, No. 70.

On bicycle riders:

First prize, No. 20.

Second prize, No. 18.

Third prize, No. 33.

It would be impossible to withhold honorable mention from any of those participating. In many cases remarkable artistic taste was displayed in the combination and shading of the various colors employed. The display made by the Fire department is entitled to very high praise.

MRS. H. C. NICHOLSON.

MRS. J. H. HAUGHEY.

MRS. J. H. BUTTS.

The ladies who were not present at the distribution of prizes may obtain their prizes by calling at the office of Secretary Lockwood.

The flower parade itself, imagine a bit of ancient columned Athens, the Athens of bordered state and ruffled feet; imagine a bit of medievalism, with its prodigality of silken textile and velvet robes; imagine a bit of colonial America when Richard Carvel rode in silken hose, corned hat, velvet waistcoat and lace cuffs rode in a pillion, his little sweetheart, in sugar-loaf hat, bounding at his side; imagine the grace and beauty of modern America cushioned in flowers, with faces aflame with excitement, with eyes dancing in holiday gladness, with tresses coiffured into glossy strands of gold and black, holding silken reins over spirited horses with elated looks, imagine it all, ancient white, medieval crimson, colonial silk and modern beauty in motion, with wheels of whirling rainbows, plumes of nodding fire, reins of dancing

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP

Cures Croup and Whooping-Cough Unexcelled for Consumptives. Gives quick, sure results. Refuse substitutes.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Trial on file.

Candy-Making

It's Pure and the Best at

Nevins' Booth

Across from Band Stand, or at

Nevins

On-Top Bakery and K&K

118 N. Main. Phone 112.

Ice Cream

Wellington Cafe

118 South Lawrence

Dinner from 12 m. to 7 p. m.

35 cents

New service, new linen, polite attention, short orders.

Open Day and Night

No lunch counter, lunches served at tables. Waiting room for ladies.

F. C. WEPNER, Proprietor.

FOOD MEDICINE

Scott's emulsion of cod-liver

oil is equally food and medicine.

A little of it sets the stomach at work on some easy food—that is medicine.

How does it "set the stomach at work?" By making strength: by creating strength: by turning the oil into body and life—that is food.

Well send you a little to try, if you like.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 439 Pearl street, New York.

roses, and you have in your mind's eye, the lavish imperial splendor of it all.

Until yesterday, Los Angeles and Colorado Springs had held the record for flower parades. Yesterday Wichita plucked the record from them. In length, in gorgeousness, in diversity of design, Wichita surpassed anything ever before attempted in the line of flower parades. There was not in the whole parade a poor exhibit. It was four times as long as the parade last fall. The people who saw it were better satisfied and more interested. The line of march accommodated more people and gave them a better view.

It is estimated that fifty thousand people saw it.

The parade started at the corner of Pine and Main, went south through the street fair, emerging on Market street, turning west on English, north on Main, to Douglas and thence east on Douglas and back again to starting point. Like a long pearl-colored ribbon thrown into a lasso.

The judges' reviewing stand was in front of the Kansas National bank, in front of which the parade passed three times.

A description of the parade and vehicles follows:

CHIEF'S WALDEN'S GREAT HIT.

Approved by the popular judgment as an extraordinarily beautiful turnout was the crimson and yellow decorated road wagon of Fire Chief Walden. Chief Walden in uniform and Mrs. Walden in a rich costume of red and black occupied the vehicle. A fine gray horse drew the wagon, whose elegant harness fairly gleamed with its own polished blackness. Crimson and yellow body, crimson and yellow everything, combined in an effect of richness rather than of gorgeousness. So satisfying to the eye was the substantial harmony of the colors and the geometrical balance of the design, that Chief Walden's wagon will be remembered as long as the memory of the flower parade of 1900 endures, as one of the most striking and beautiful in the entire display.

INNIS AND POWELL, MARSHALS.

A flash of mirror black and the flaut of purple and pink told of the coming of the marshals. Mr. Walter P. Innis and Mr. John L. Powell were dressed in pure white with sashes, high military boots and white felt hats. Mr. Innis rode a prancing sorrel with gilded hoofs, decorated with a garland of rich pink, and set off with rosettes of pink roses. Mr. Powell's mount was a handsome black gelding, tinged under the collar with a tinge of chestnut. The two marshals carried out the same design in the two colors and as the heralds of beautiful things to come made a strikingly fine appearance.

PRYOR'S MILITARY BAND.

Following the mounted police and marshals, Pryor's Military Band marched. They favored the gathered multitude with many excellent selections of music. This band is made up of accomplished musicians and every one was delighted to hear the sweet strains of music. The band was led by a drum major dressed in pleasing uniform and wearing the regulation black plume. The band marched well under his direction. They showed careful training in keeping step as well as in using their instruments.

A. S. PARKS' LOCO-MOBILE.

Silent as a ghost on a tripod, glided the loco-mobile of Mr. A. S. Parks, fourth in line, under as perfect control as any man's own pair of feet, or the wings of the majestic condor. It seemed to float into the field of vision and out again, red with the poppies which hid every inch of its surface and left only its elegant outline, as if it had been drawn out of a Kansas winter sunset—vivid as fire.

Mr. Parks and Mrs. Thomas P. Kelo were its occupants. Wichita has not yet ceased to test the tension of its cautious cervix when an auto sailed by, so that Mr. Parks' turnout had what it did not need to attract undue attention—the added interest of novelty.

WHITE AND GOLD.

A carriage decorated with white and gold and drawn by two white horses hitched to a tandem was one of the early features. The carriage was so arranged that it gave views of the gold and then the white. The horses were neatly harnessed in trappings of white and gold. The fire risk had the appearance of care and elegance in the decorations. The young ladies who occupied the seats carried sunshades in perfect accord with the carriage decorations. These occupying the carriage were Misses Iley Jones, Hattie Ross, Leota Myatt, Bertha Stewart, Ruth Rogers, Edith McCoy, Helen Jackson, Christina Ross.

At the heads of the two horses were attendants dressed to match the fittings of the carriage and its decorations. The horses were beautiful and to imagine a more charming arrangement would be difficult.

THE PINK TRAP.

With blending shades of pink, shadowy and rich in the sunlight, moving lightly like a crimsoned sunbeam, came the trap driven by Mrs. Sid Ashton. This trap was made up into a moving flower garden of pink chrysanthemums, the different shades being graduated and blended together with an artistic deftness not excelled in the parade anywhere. The horses which drew it was resplendent in like decorations and were cooped under his beautiful harness. The occupants of this rich vehicle were Mrs. Sid Ashton, Mrs. M. C. Nevins, Mrs. Howard Wheeler, and Mrs. Dean Gordon. Round about of applause met it as it passed up the avenue.

GREEK CHARIOT.

Perhaps the most applauded was the Greek chariot of the High school. It was like a breath from Athens. It faithfully represented the cultured dignity of Grecian supremacy. Driven by the Greek Goddess of Learning, impersonated by Miss Vera Hill and escorted by a realistic Greek guard, the chariot was complimented by everyone. It was escorted with red poppies and drawn by

white horses. The guards were dressed in white but had their heads, arms and ankles bared in the manner the Greeks used to go. Upon their feet were the old time wooden sandals. In their right hands were guided spears while their left arms supported beautiful shields of red and white. H. S. printed in large white letters on the outside. The shields also bore a larger shield of the same design. The body guards were as follows: Seniors—Will Easton, Joel Tucker; Juniors—Reece Lewis; Dean Minnick; Sophomores—Bruce Petrie, Jerry Fitzpatrick; Freshmen—Oak Throckmorton, Murray Massey.

LEWIS ACADEMY FLOAT.

Next came the Lewis Academy float. This was the appearance of the first large vehicle in the procession and as it appeared the enthusiasm took a higher pitch. It was a dream of a yellow and red rose-bud much after the fashion of a circus band wagon, in tiers of seats in which sat thirty seniors and juniors all highly decorated, flaming with excitement and presenting so charming a spectacle of youth, beauty and manliness that hats came off and throats poured forth bursts of applause. In the front of the float was demonstrated that the one object that is fairer than a rose is a young woman, and there was nothing on exhibit in the parade which gladdened the eye more. It was effective, creditable.

THE ROUGH RIDERS.

Whoever fell upon the Rough Rider idea for the flower parade deserves a chromo. Just about the time the more intense colors were becoming monotonous into your sight slipped the khaki-clad Rough Riders, with blue saddle cloths, rosetted Roosevelt hats, a moving, soothing vision of blue and brown, twenty strong, with a battle pennant flaring in front and Captain Minnick leading with drawn sword. The sight was pleasing, restful to the eye and as it struck every observer it drew forth as many "ahs" as the queen's float. On Douglas avenue going east the Rough Riders charged in good order and added excitement to the parade.

BATTERY A, K. N. G.

Wichita's battery, led by Captain Lou Aspy, gave the spectators a vague idea of how a battery would move across the battle field as they started down Douglas at full speed. Much interest centered in the breach loading cannon.

The battery is a good one and Wichita was not ashamed to have it in the parade.

MRS. SINGER'S SUNFLOWERS.

Mrs. L. N. Singer's road wagon was a conflagration of sunflowers everywhere. Besides that, the popular judgment as to which the sunflower has a monopoly, no other color was visible save the rich dark brown hearts of these fair counterfeits of the honest faced if at times pestiferous plants sown in this sturdy land to be so typical of the up-and-coming, never-say-die denizens of these broad plains. Mrs. Singer drove a fine dark bay horse whose harness was wrapped with yellow ribbons and pointed with more sunflowers. "Kansas" was wrought in sunflowers on the back of the seat and "1900" appeared at either side. Kansas state pride was certainly gratified, while the highest artistic instinct could not have failed to grasp one more inspiration from the contemplation of a creation as thoroughly beautiful as it was thoroughly patriotic.

PONY CART.

The vision of a dainty pony cart trimmed with festoons of bright pink roses was one of the numbers at the front of the parade. The little pony was decorated from its little hoofs to its mane. Roses were abundant and the sun shade carried by the Misses Betty Gillespie and Ida Chain were ornamented with pink roses. The little Misses were attired in charming costumes of white, and presented an appearance beautiful to the extreme. The cart and pony was in charge of a attendant. It was ablaze of color, replete with all that makes an attractive appearance. The wheels were decorated with roses and as they moved slowly around the vast sea of humanity, the given was that of a moving block of pink.

HYPATIA'S FLOAT.

Every one admired the trap Hypatia beautified by its yellow and purple walters. The wheels were a golden tint.

THEORIES ABOUT CATARRH.

Peculiar Ideas Regarding a Common Disease.

Mark Twain's cure for a cold in the head was simple, but he claims very effective in his own case; his plan was to eat nothing whatever for twenty-four hours or, presumably until the trouble had disappeared.

Although not able to speak from personal experience as to the effectiveness of this treatment, it certainly has the merit of extreme economy, but it occurs to us that the application of it to a case of nasal catarrh might be attended with difficulties.

Catarrh, as everyone knows, is a chronic cold in the head and Mr. Twain's treatment, if it should become a fad, would make of us a nation of fasters; an army, emulating the example of the immortal Tanner who achieved world-wide fame by fasting forty days.

Catarrh is certainly becoming a national disease and there is little doubt but that errors in diet, particularly over eating, is a very common cause. Most people, however, are more interested in the cure of the trouble than in the cause, and modern medical science has produced more effective and less heroic remedies than Mr. Twain's.

Guaiacol is a new remedy, very effective in some forms of catarrh. Eucalyptol is another which on account of its antiseptic properties is very valuable, while many severe cases of chronic Catarrh have been entirely cured by the sanguinaria or extract of blood root alone.

Within a year an enterprising chemist has combined all these remedies in tablet form, palatable and convenient and the superiority of this tablet over other catarrh remedies is an apparent that all druggists now carry them in stock to supply the popular demand.

They are called Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and it is doubtful if any medicine has achieved a national popularity in so short a time as this.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are used by thousands of traveling men because they can be carried in the pocket and used any time and in any quantity, being free from cocaine, opiate or any poisonous drug.

They clear the head and throat from the disgusting secretions of catarrh, very often in a few hours' time.

For nasal catarrh they are far superior to any wash, lotion or ointment, the use of which is often so inconvenient and annoying as the disease itself.

For coughs, colds, bronchial catarrh and catarrh of the stomach these tablets give immediate relief and a permanent cure where lotions, douches and inhalers make no impression whatever.

This preparation is a boon to catarrh sufferers and a remedy that will tell you that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets is a remedy that has come to stay.

of yellow. A most beautiful effect was produced by a profusion of purple walters. The occupants of the trap lifted above their heads fine white parasols trimmed with purple ribbons. The lines were strung with clusters of the chosen flower. The harness was colored in purple and the bridle blinds were covered with satin of the same color. There is always a richness obtained by the use of purple that can be produced by no other color. Mrs. R. Homrighaus, Mrs. De La Mater, Mrs. J. M. Knapp, Miss Lu M. Phillips, all of them gowned in the finest of organdy.

MISS GARLICK'S PONY CART.

Miss May Garlick needn't ever worry about what folks thought of her pony-and-cart. The turnout was a dream. Pink and white conspired to convert her two-wheeler into a fairy barge. A canopy or white had pink roses atop that looked as if they were the real thing, sort and had clambered up there to do their growing and were pleased with the location. The pony came in for its share of praise and posies and stepped away as proudly as if it had been big enough to draw the queen's chariot in its own proper person, and the entire fire department and battery A to boot.

MOUNTED POLICE.

Officer McMullen, on a large sorrel horse, headed a division of the parade. After him came other patrolmen trotted in their dark blue uniforms. The men were Messrs. Sutton, Rensselaer, Jones, Osborne and Washburn, and each sat on his horse as though he were marching to the music of thousands of bands in the distance. The horses were decorated with red plumes, red collars and each stepped proudly along as they marked down the street.

The patrolmen were forced to lift their hats many times along the route of the parade and the appearance made by Wichita's patrolmen was freely commented upon.

The horses were nearly all matched in respect to color. McMullen was astride a sorrel and with that one exception the others were riding bright, glossy bays.

WICHITA'S BAND.

No number in the parade caused more prolific applause than did the appearance of the Commercial band of this city. The band numbers twenty and each time it passed a selection on the program of the day the plaudits of the hearers called for a continuance.

The men have neat uniforms. They move together well in step. Their playing is at all times harmonious. One of the new pieces played in the morning was "The Tale of Kangaroo," and the people could not get enough of it.

No one was any prouder of the doing of Wichita than the members of the band and they demoted it by the proud step, the triumphant notes from their instruments and the happy appearance of each individual.

THE QUEEN'S MARSHALS.

Next came the heralds of the queen, and looking it every inch, Mr. Orville Wiley and Mrs. Wiley. They preceded the queen's float and were followed by two buglers. Both had evenly matched gray horses which were alive to the occasion and lifted their silver hoofs proudly. Messrs. Boyle and Vincent were wrapped about with lavish sashes of pink flowers. As these marshals swung into Douglas avenue, where the crowd was the greatest, they were given a loud hurrah which rattled the nearby bunting.

QUEEN'S FLOAT.

Drawn by Dold's six large and spirited iron gray horses came the Queen's Float was the imagery of a great swan. It presented a realistic appearance as the great bird seemingly swam in all stillness through the vast sea of humanity.

White and gold were used in pretty effect to decorate the float. The scalloped railing was trimmed with selected kaffir corn. Around the sides was draped a drapery of white cloth enriched with golden floral border. From the rear and sides of the float hung festoons of the regal seat which was seemingly supported by two kingly lions bending low under their imperial burden. There, attired in royal gown and flowing purple robe, adorned with jewels, invested with dignity by the queenly crown, Miss Hinchey sat serenely above her with all its imposing fulness hunched the show-white canopy, ornamented with golden rosettes.

Below the queen sat in stately waiting the Maids of Honor, all dressed in white apparel. From their head gear floated long white plumes. The Maids of Honor, Miss Rose Wallenstein, Miss Daisy Lynch, Miss Jetta Campbell, Miss Laura Pierce, Miss Pearl Murdoch, Miss Anna Brown, Miss Lena Cox, Miss Ada Scott. The queen's float was a most wonderful creation faithfully representing the majesty of sovereignty.

THE BLUE AND WHITE TRAP.

Then came a trap which was an undeniably perfect in blue and white. While the comparisons heard from the crowd were never invidious, there was not one of the 50,000 delighted onlookers but uttered some exclamation of supreme and complete satisfaction on beholding this marvel. It was not so much that there was nothing in it as that everything should not be there as that everything demanded by artistic unity and proportion was there. Brightness and delicacy of color—elegance of the geometrical lines or figures traced in the respective colors—all was perfection. This trap was occupied by four ladies, officers of the Wichita Hospital. It was drawn by a pair of beautiful white horses, trotting smartly and showing brushes glittering as snow, silverlike as thistle-down. Their harness was in keeping. Grooms in blue and white livery led the horses. The ladies occupying the trap were richly costumed and certainly had enough for the four of them to do in acknowledging the commendations of the enraptured spectators.

MISS HOUCK AND GODELL.

A moving picture of shaded pink, a scene of fair young beauty, a glance of a proud stepping horse and the spectator saw the beautiful phaeton occupied by Misses Mamie Houck and Carrie Cogdell. Its ornate decorations were elaborate, its lines of beauty were harmonious. The young ladies were prettily attired and as the phaeton with its occupants moved along the line of march many were the admiring glances from those on the street.

The horse, a large bay, was fitted in harness trimmed with pink. The reins were covered with pink and in the glittering mane were fastened roses of pink. The effect was entrancing. The color was soothing to the eye and produced a lasting impression.

THAT BEAUTIFUL PILLION.

Next came something without which no flower parade in the future will be complete in Wichita of anywhere else. That was the pillion. It was as sweet as anything on this earth could be. It was an idea, pure white in conception, pure white in design. Upon it were Miss Esther Smyth and Miss Jean Wheeler, one dressed as a colonial dame in sugar loaf hat with big pompadour and empire gown. The ladies were dressed in white, the latter in a very central variation with the snowy abundance of pink about them.

THE COLONIAL COACH.

Horses aquiver with pride of the occasion, black horses, lined with white poppies, nodding with bridles, dancing on manes, tossing on lines, drew a wonderful chariot of beauty, the colonial coach. It was a moving vision of white poppies, fluffy, downy, exquisitely soft and snowy. The vehicle, as the title indicates was swung like a chariot and the occupants, richly dressed, with chiffon of the colonial period, made a fascinating sight. Mrs. Smyth, attired in a deep rich colonial yellow, handling the dancing ribbons. The occupants were: Mrs. Thompson, Margaret, Mrs. Walter P. Jones, Mrs. Charles H. Brooks, Mrs. J. Z. Hoffman, Mrs. Frank W. Oliver, Mrs. L. W. Clapp, Mrs. W. R. Dulane.

MRS. COHN'S TRAP.

A creation of splendid beauty was effected by the artist who decorated the trap occupied by Mrs. Chas. Cohn, Mrs. W. W. Johnson, Jr., Mrs. Chas. Ayresburg, Mrs. Homer Caldwell. The deep hue of pink was well with the lighter shade, and harmonized with the white organdy of the ladies. Possible the most pleasing floral ornamentation in the whole parade was the wreaths of red American beauties with which the ladies had adorned their persons. The ladies were "white dresses" which rendered a very central variation with the snowy abundance of pink about them.

Nothing so good in the way of biscuit and wafers ever baked before. No other products of the oven were ever delivered to the consumer in so perfect a package.

At all grocers—absolutely fresh always.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY.

Nothing so good in the way of biscuit and wafers ever baked before. No other products of the oven were ever delivered to the consumer in so perfect a package.

At all grocers—absolutely fresh always.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY.

Nothing so good in the way of biscuit and wafers ever baked before. No other products of the oven were ever delivered to the consumer in so perfect a package.

At all grocers—absolutely fresh always.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY.

Nothing so good in the way of biscuit and wafers ever baked before. No other products of the oven were ever delivered to the consumer in so perfect a package.

At all grocers—absolutely fresh always.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY.

Nothing so good in the way of biscuit and wafers ever baked before. No other products of the oven were ever delivered to the consumer in so perfect a package.

At all grocers—absolutely fresh always.

Unedea Quartet

Nothing so good in the way of biscuit and wafers ever baked before. No other products of the oven were ever delivered to the consumer in so perfect a package.

At all grocers—absolutely fresh always.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY.

Unedea Biscuit

Unedea Jinjer Wayfer

Unedea Milk Biscuit

Unedea Graham Wafer

Hovey Medical Association

Zimmerly Building

Rooms 61, 62, 63 Wichita, Kansas

Treatment for Men's Maladies, Women's Weaknesses, Childhood's Changes

CALL OR WRITE.



DR. J. F. HOVEY, The Old Shaker Doctor, President.



DR. W. G. HOWELL, M. D., U. S. P. D., Secretary.

ROAD WAGON IN YELLOW ROSES.

Yellow roses had been chosen by Miss Josephine Webb and Miss Donna Fisher, who appeared in the parade in a road wagon drawn by a splendid black horse in shiny black harness with yellow-rosette points and with yellow ribbons at fetlock.

The ladies' costumes were of colors appropriate, and they wore black hats and carried black parasols. Colored gowns in ivory to match guided the turnout. Miss Webb and Miss Fisher have received no end of congratulations upon the rare taste in design and skill in execution exhibited in preparing what was unquestionably a first-rank turnout.

MRS. FULLER AND MRS. ROSS.

A vision of white and pink poppies when enlarged showed the stanhope occupied by Mrs. C. I. Fuller and Miss Louise Ross. The idea of decorating the stanhope was new. The rear end was of heavy appearance, the front was lighter in its covering, yet for all that, delicacy would be incurred in suggesting a better method. The wheels of the vehicle were ornamented in white and pink and then came a wreath of green along the edge of the wheels. The horse was a white and the trappings were also of white.

The ladies were sewed in costumes in harmony with the decorations of the vehicle. They had sun shades ornamented with flowers. The entire idea as carried out made a pleasing feature of beauty.

MISS SEVERANCE'S PONY CART.

Miss Louanna Severance drove a beautiful motified bay-and-white pony to a cart which had been given over to sunflowers. The wheels were solid masses and their spokes were covered with green grasses as